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These Small Songs

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These Small Songs · *George Keithley*

Suppose we are unaware of time passing.
And all our hours are expanded passing
into time. Let it seem so. Soon,
it's summer. This green evening
strung with cicada song.

A boat droning
across our violet sleep.

Let it
seem to. We'll wake and walk
into a warmer morning.

We are
passing into time. If only
on the stoney shore where we are.

Where pines will hold one pose
hour by hour
against an unblinking glare,

their rare restraint
visible since noon
in that reflective light in which they lean

toward dusk
when a blue sun floats over
Rock Lake and
noiseless they

dive.

Splash-

less shadows lengthen,

swimming far from shore.

Swimming their darkness over the water
not like a leaky net drawn
by a droning boat. More
like night itself
which catches and holds

the soul's attention. Utterly still

but for the boat. And these small songs
the cicadas sing, constant as clocks
that tell of something passing. Let it.